

Delsea Regional High School

2010 Media Center Poetry Contest Winners

Heather Kellum, grade 9
Molly McGuire, Grade 10
Rebecca Grubb, Grade 11
Ashley M. Price-Sanchez, grade 12
Ms. Ippolito

Behind All the Pretty Makeup and Fake Smiles Heather Kellum Grade 9

Shh...
Be quiet, can you hear that?
The glares
The insults
The gossip
Congrats, seems like you're the new hot topic
"I love your shoes, you're so pretty"
But when you turn down that wing,
You know they're thinking the opposite thing
You can feel their eyes sting
On the back of your neck
Just waiting for the comment
So they can attack
Oh sure, they have your back
With all the rumors and lies
That plays with your mind
On and on, that goes on for miles
But hey!
You signed up for it
With the pretty makeup and fake smiles

Lunar Moth By Molly McGuire Grade 10

Floating softly on the evening breeze

The mistress of the night

She lands upon the fallen leaves

To rest for her upcoming flight

Gossamer wings tinged with green

Flutter delicately in the wind

False eyes upon her back there lean

Beauty so vast 'tis almost a sin

She leaves her perch to journey once again

The fey enchantress of midnight

With an inner strength she shall sustain

Her path till she reaches the woods of twilight

When her destination is finally procured

She shall celebrate in mirth

For even though her path was obscured

She battled life for her worth

The Awakening by Rebecca Grubb Grade 11

I thought I tried but could never hear
Your cries and screams at my ear
I'm sorry for sleeping through the years
Peaceful in my bliss
Your problems I didn't miss
For I didn't know
I didn't listen
The world sped by
You faded away...
I'm sorry
Where are you now?
Please don't go
I miss you already.
Don't walk away
Don't disappear
I'm now awake
I need you here
Forgive me
I didn't mean to
I'm sorry
I love you
Could we start over?
Would it be better?
Would it last?
Or be just like the past?
Plagued by these questions
I know the answers to
We are no longer one
This you already knew
But could you stay just a while
And humor me so
I'll remember how to smile
Even if you go?
So as I lay sobered
Mumbling your name
I take off the covers
And realize my blame
And now that it's over
We are now free
Free from each other
And our misdeeds
Though it may haunt us
It still scares me-
At least we had fun
And some pleasant memories.

Cutting Words By Ashley Price-Sancez 12th Grade Contest Winner

They tease and scorn me,
I am the outcast,
Bruised by the things they have said,
Bruised by the things they've done,
The rain falls,
Its dripping,
Drops are falling around me,
I sit here crying,
No one cares.
Not a soul hears my quiet plea for acceptance,
The only thing that shows I'm alive are these tears that fall from my eyes.
The rain falls harder,
My heart hurts,
I want to stop the pain,
I hate them,
They hurt me so I want to hurt them back.
It's pouring,
I finally break out sobbing,
I run,
Run away from this hell life has formed around me.
I fall and lay there,
I think of what they said,
It's true I'm worthless,
I should have never been alive.
It's pouring,
I pull out a knife,
My heart is pounding,
I take a deep breath,
Thump, Thump, Thump.
The rain beats against me,
It trickles down my face mixing with my tears,
My heart slows down to an uneven pulse,
Warm blood runs down my breast,
My heart slows to a stop.
I'm lying there,
No one will find me,
No longer will I be an emotional wreck,
Hidden in the unknown,
Just me...alone.
At peace,
My corpse on the ground,
The rain finally stops,
The pain has ceased,
Gone,
Yet still they'll probably be talking,
Saying the same words that led to the cuts that they originally did not see.

Senioritis by Mrs. Jessica Ippolito Staff Entry

Because they were fed up with school
And wanted to be out
They acted as if they were cool
In protest, they did shout

“This work’s too hard! We know enough!”
“Stop teaching us! It’s May!”
“No projects! Man, this work’s too tough!”
“Come on. It’s a Friday.”

The teacher stood firm with her rules
The class just quietly wept
She worked them as if they were mules
In “school-mode” they were kept

Now it is graduation day
And smiles are all around
They look at her and some DO say
“We’re glad you stood your ground”

Let juniors take heed to this tale
Remember not to fight
When senioritis makes you pale
Fall not prey to this blight!